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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1853.

LITERATURE.

PUFFERY IN ENGLAND.

AN amusing instance of a well-managed piece of showman's effrontery has just come off in London, in the reception of a couple of curious dwarfs from Central America, honored with the title of the Aztec children. Our readers may remember the absurd story which heralded their exhibition in this city, and which was attributed to no less an artist than the celebrated author of the "Moon hoax," though it is but justice to that gentleman to mention, that a manuscript letter from him, denying the authorship of the ridiculous invention, was circulated at the time. This cock and bull tale, which, by the way, was gravely published in the columns of most of our mammoth contemporaries, in many instances, with comments of admiring credulity, has been bolted whole by no less an intellectual and profound journal than the *London Times*. Nor is this all. So grave and judicious an organ of scientific opinion as the *London Athenæum* devotes a special article to the "Aztec People," reporting the proceedings of the Ethnological Society, which called "a special meeting" on the arrival of the children; the result of which important call was "a very crowded attendance." "A certain number of non-member guests were invited, amongst whom we (the *Athenæum*) found ourselves included." The proceedings were opened by Mr. Cull (*query*, Gull?), the secretary, who read the "very interesting paper" touching the city of Iximaya, the Spaniard Velasquez, the High Priest of the Altar of the Sun, Vaalpeor, and the priestly races of Kaanas and Wabaquoons, and other entertaining murderers of the tenth-rate melodramatic order. To be sure the *Athenæum* remarks, "the narrative has many apocryphal points; but the children, a boy and a girl, are there to speak for themselves," &c. Only a poor "half-pennyworth of *but* to this intolerable deal of *Munchausen*." The meeting was next addressed by Professor Owen, who—following the example of Dr. Warren, of Boston, whose paper in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, left very little to be investigated concerning these abnormal specimens of humanity—very properly gave the results of "an anatomical investigation into their structural peculiarities." He, of course, concluded that they were "no new species of the genus *homo*. He did not regard them as genuine types of any existing race of American Indians. He was inclined to look at them as possibly instances of impeded development in individuals belonging to some family of the South European races, removed to a tropical climate, and having some mixture of Indian blood." This was exactly the conclusion which the *Literary World* stated on the exhibition of the dwarfs in this city, pronouncing them "an accidental degenerate offspring, with probably mingled Indian, Spanish, and negro blood," a conclusion which was subsequently corroborated, and all absurd pretensions of race put at rest by the legal proceedings at Philadelphia, where, in 1852, it was put in evidence that the parents were living in the village of Jacota, in the State of San Salvador; that the children had been obtained under promise of educating them at

Granada, and that they had been subsequently brought to the United States in company with an American. A Mr. Silva, the original contractor, claimed them on behalf of their parents.

The London Ethnological Society was also addressed by Mr. Kennedy, who had been in Central America, in the part of the country where, and at the time when, two of the murders were said, in the cock and bull story, to have come off, and—"he had not heard anything of the matter. He had heard reports of a Mexican city; but from his own inquiries, he did not think that a place of the extent and character of that described by the alleged discoverers of these children, could possibly exist."

A Mr. Wilton (Barnum's contractor with Jenny Lind) stated "that he had travelled in Asia, Africa, and America, and had become interested in these children when voyaging to England with them in the steamer,"—which was a very natural result, under the circumstances.

Dr. Conolly spoke to the point. He was quite as naturally, from his very different and just medical point of view, "struck with the resemblance of these children to some of the idiots which are now so well cared for in the asylums at Highgate and Colchester."

The most extraordinary revelation at the London Ethnological Society, was, undoubtedly, that made by Dr. R. G. Latham, whose much learning seems to have confused him to a very great extent, on a very simple point. His communication, as reported by himself in the *Athenæum*, in point of classification, qualification, philology, political philosophy, and geography, is one of the rarest specimens extant of "Ethnological" profundity. This is his letter to the showman in charge of the children:—

"29, Upper Southwick-street, July 5.

"My dear Sir,—I think you must have been fully convinced, by the interest which our best savans have taken in your little ones, that they are objects of no ordinary novelty. They tell their own tale by their shape, size, and colour,—but only to a certain degree. The external history, or the details of their birth, parentage, and other important antecedents, is at present by no means proportionably clear.

"My own opinion, that of an ethnologist rather than a teratologist, and subject, of course, to be influenced by future facts—is,—

"a. That they do not represent a separate species of the genus *homo*, although one of the likeliest localities for such a species is the one to which they are referred.

"b. That they do not represent any permanent variety,—i.e., that they are not the actual offspring of parents, nor the probable parents of offspring, like themselves.

"c. That they are the progeny of the natives of the district to which they are referred,—those being Indians of the ordinary size and organization (there or thereabouts).

"d. That there are other individuals more or less similar to them in the same quarters.

"e. That there have been such for several generations.

"f. That physical and social causes, in proportions not yet ascertained, have affected their organizational peculiarities, and made them endemic.

"g. That the language of the division to which they belong is akin to either the Quiché (see Stephens) or to the Mixe of Oaxaca.

"h. That this language belongs to a population older and more indigenous than the

Astek,—just as Welsh is older and more indigenous than the English.

"i. That they are Asteks in the way that a man from Snowdon would be English, supposing all Britain, except North Wales, to have been brought under (say) French or Prussian dominancy. He would not be English in blood and language, but he would be English so far as he retained certain English characteristics, contrasted with those of the intrusive conquerors. Hence, I take no exception to the designation.

"k. That they come from the neighbourhood of some of the so-called *Casas Grandes*.

"l. That they come from a locality where a certain amount of political independence and ancient Paganism may still be retained.

"m. That access to these parts may be more practicable to an Indian, a half-blood, a black or a white (provided he be not a Spaniard) than to the Spaniards of the country around. This is the case with some independent districts of the Philippines, and it suggests a promising field for future enterprise.

"I have given my opinion upon the chief points suggested by their history and appearance in detail, in preference to expressing it by the use of any general term, inasmuch as I know no word which, if used without considerable qualifications, would give other than a wrong idea. This is a good measure of the extent to which they are unlike anything yet seen.—I remain, dear Sir, yours most truly,

"R. G. LATHAM.

"J. M. Morris, Esq."

It is quite in the ordinary course of these exhibitions that the show opened in London, with a special interview with royalty, in one of the chambers of the new houses of parliament—of which, by the way, the *Evening Mirror* treats us to a grandiloquent account from the pen of no less distinguished a person than Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North." His gratitude for the dispensation of Providence for the introduction of the "Aztec race" to the royal party is superior to anything in Crummles. The account is too good to be lost:—

"Listen to the story: On the morning of the 25th of June, the Aztec Liliputians were taken to the House of Lords. They were accompanied by Mr. Morris and myself as their guardians; and by Mr. Wilton, the renowned traveller, R. S. Francis, Esq., George Payne, Esq., &c. &c. As their carriage rolled along the street, crowds thronged around it. A thousand eyes were eager to obtain a single glance of the two poor children, brought from the unknown Iximayas to become, as they have become, the central marvel—the one great object of attraction to the fashionable world, to the leviathan city of London.

"The carriage entered the portal through which her Majesty passes. It did not 'set down' its occupants before the door, but rolling through the great archway of the greatest tower, drove up to the 'Lord's Entrance.' The profane eyes of the multitude could not penetrate so far. The mob's noisy shouts of curiosity were heard without, as the objects of the excitement were quietly escorted into the Great Hall of that magnificent pile of architecture, which has been so aptly characterised as 'A Dream in Stone.'

"It was more interesting than words can possibly describe to witness the progress of the two wandering Liliputians, as they passed through rooms glittering with gold, and along marble passages, athwart which the stained windows cast a 'dim of religious light.' At one moment their eyes were attracted by the tessellated pavement, and their feet touched the ground lightly, as if fearful of that on which they trod. * * * The Marquis of Abercorn was the first among the nobles to

* See *Literary World*, Nos. 288, 290, 295.

make inquiries of Professor Anderson concerning his marvellous protégés. After him came other lords and ladies eager to satisfy their curiosity, and to obtain, if possible, a piece of paper with a few pencil scratches on it made by one of the Aztecs. By and by the announcement was made that the King and Queen of Hanover were coming, and all present took their seats respectfully in the hall through which royalty passes to the throne. *Mazimo, the Aztec youth, leapt upon my knee; and Bartola, the girl, was under the care of Mr. Morris.* There was a cry of 'Hush!' 'Silence!' and all the spectators stood up, with heads uncovered, as the King and Queen entered the room.

"I need scarcely mention that the King of Hanover is sightless. Painful—very painful it was to see a man so handsome and so noble in bearing, bereft of vision, and unable to appreciate the gorgeousness around him. He, his Queen, and their attendants passed on. The building in which they were was the subject of their talk; and for a few minutes the Aztecs remained unnoticed.

"Presently, one of the ladies belonging to the royal party chanced to see them. Instantaneously she ran—actually ran—though I believe her to have been a marchioness—to tell the queen that there were other sights for her to see in this place, besides the sculptured walls and golden ceiling. The royal party approached, her Majesty leaning on the arm of Lord Elphinstone. "Who are those interesting creatures? where, oh, where do they come from?" was her immediate question. The poor King, unable to see them, took the boy in his arms, passed his hand over the face of the little Aztec, and felt, with carefulness, the symmetry of the limbs, and the development of the features. Meanwhile, the daring little fellow made free to play with the face of royalty, and endeavored, in his matchless effrontery, to pull the King's nose. Hard work, indeed, I had to answer the thousand and one interrogatories which king and courtier put to me; and well pleased enough were all, when, thanking the Professor for his courteousness, they once again looked at the Aztecs, and seemingly not without reluctance passed on their way.

"IT WAS A GREAT DAY FOR OURSELVES, and (jesting apart) it was a great day for the Aztecs. There was the notice they had gained from royalty, and, in addition to that, there was the strange fact that one of the descendants of Montezuma had dared to approach the throne of England. Amidst all the laughter which the antics of the children created, one could not help indulging in a few serious thoughts; the chief of which were: that Providence had deigned to grant the favor, that before the Aztec race had wholly passed away, two of them should visit England, to be the witnesses of palatial splendor as great, perhaps, as that which their forefathers had looked upon; and that the splendor of the present is that of a Christian country, while that of Paganism has dwindled into ruin—into cities forgotten and decaying, and into human beings scarcely resembling men—themselves degenerated, their race almost extinct!"

At the time when these poor idiots were exhibited in New York, some indignation was expended at the credulity of several of the daily newspapers, in which the pretensions of this "Aztec race" were urged as an ethnological study, &c.; but after the greedy swallow of the London *Times*, and the pow-wow of the great London doctors, and the anxiety of the royal lady, we confess we think better of the good nature and credulity of our American journalism, and are willing to admit we are yet something behind the great British press in the arts of puffing, mystification, and humbug.

While on this subject of popular mystifications, we may state, by the way, that the "Have we a Bourbon among us?" question has had a glorious nibble from the philosopher, Thomas De Quincey, who, in the Edinburgh edition of his collected writings, devotes to it this encouraging note:—

"Naturally, it indisposed most readers to put faith in any fresh pretensions of this nature, that at least one false Dauphin had been pronounced such by so undeniable a judge as the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Meantime, it is made probable enough by Mr. Hanson that the true Dauphin did not die in the year 1795, at the Temple, but was personated by a boy unknown; that two separate parties had an equal interest in sustaining this fraud, and did sustain it; but one would hesitate to believe, whether, at the price of murdering a celebrated physician, that they had the prince conveyed secretly to an Indian settlement in Lower Canada, as a situation in which French, being the prevailing language, would attract no attention, as it must have done in most other parts of North America; that the boy was educated and trained as a missionary clergyman; and, finally, that he is now acting in that capacity, under the name of Eleazar Williams—perfectly aware of the royal pretensions put forward on his behalf, but equally, through age (being about 69), and through absorption in spiritual views, indifferent to those pretensions. It is admitted on all hands that the Prince de Joinville had an interview with Eleazar Williams a dozen years since—the prince alleges through mere accident (but this seems improbable); and Mr. Hanson is likely to be right in supposing this visit to have been a preconcerted one, growing out of some anxiety to test the reports current, so far as they were grounded upon resemblances in Mr. Williams's features to those of the Bourbon and Austrian families. The most pathetic fact is that of the idiocy common to the Dauphin and Mr. Eleazar Williams. It is clear, from all the authentic accounts of the young prince, that idiocy was in reality stealing over him—due, doubtless, to the stunning nature of the calamities that overwhelmed his family; to the removal from him by tragical deaths, in so rapid a succession, of the Princesses de Lamballe, of his aunt, of his father, of his mother, and others whom most he had loved; to his cruel separation from his sister; and to the astounding (for him naturally incomprehensible) change that had come over the demeanor and the language of nearly all the people placed about the persons of himself and his family. An idiocy resulting from what must have seemed a causeless and demoniac conspiracy, would be more likely to melt away under the sudden transfer to kindness and the gaiety of forest life, than any idiocy belonging to original organic imbecility. Mr. Williams describes his own confusion of mind as continuing up to his fourteenth year, and all things which had happened in earlier years as gleaming through clouds of oblivion, and as painfully perplexing; but, otherwise, he shows no desire to strengthen the pretensions made for himself by any reminiscences piercing these clouds that could point specially to France or to royal experiences."

THE ROMANCE OF ABELARD AND HELOISE.*

MR. WIGHT, the translator of *Cousins' History of Philosophy*, has diverted his graver studies of the metaphysics of the middle ages, by an entertaining, sympathetic contemplation of that remarkable episode in the study of "universals," the love history of Abelard and Heloise. He has treated this somewhat delicate subject in an easy style of

philosophical gossip—a kind of mingled Carlyleism and Emersonianism in slippers. The book is a running commentary, with neat sententious remarks, on the main incidents of the career of the two personages, whom the writer pronounces "the greatest man and the greatest woman of the twelfth century." His announcement of his theme is certainly a sufficient challenge to the reading public:—

"The heart is not human that does not love. There is no use in denying the fact, that happiness or misery is, somehow, strangely connected with conditions of the heart. Woman asks no more in this world than to be sincerely loved. When she is queen of one devoted heart, then she has a kingdom that sufficeth for her ambition. When all is well with her affections, she thanks God for his abundant blessing, and is happy. Man is as restless as the wind until his soul is anchored in woman's love. Without it there is for him no rest, no peace. When equally mated with one that is faithful, he is ready for any trials that 'outrageous fortune' may prepare for him, and the common adversities of life are tossed aside as 'a lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane.' The Powers Invisible have such blessings in store for only a limited number; hence the misfortunes of Abelard and Heloise have a fresh interest for each new generation. They enacted upon the earth a real romance, a faithful history of which we have undertaken to write. The curious, the students of human nature, and history, and those who like to amuse themselves with a romantic narrative, may come here and get from a brother man such help and pleasure as he can give and they receive."

A passage or two will indicate the moralizing way of the book, and the impartial manner in which the author divides his favors between hero and heroine. It has been the fashion, we believe, of late, to idolize the lady at the expense of the philosopher, to look upon Abelard, as a cool, calculating, conceited fellow, trampling upon virgin innocence, but our author generously finds, in the magnitude of her love, the extent of his worthiness:—

"This complete forgetfulness of self, this generous abdication of her own personality, which places Heloise in turn in the rank of superior souls, is also a valuable index for understanding Abelard. What kind of a man must he have been who, with one word, irrevocably fixed the destiny of the first woman of her century. He shows himself, he calls her: Here I am, Heloise responds; and from her virginal sphere she descends towards him, as upon an inclined plane. If any thing can give us a just idea of his merit, it is surely the violent and enduring love with which he inspired Heloise. She would not have made an ordinary man her God. On his side, Abelard shows himself worthy of her. The terms which he uses to paint his passion prove how deeply this noble love was rooted in his soul. It seems as though one could hear his voice still trembling with all the emotions which he had previously felt."

For what has been considered a blemish upon his character, his apparent selfishness in closing the convent gates upon Heloise, there is this explanation:—

"By the order of Abelard, Heloise, as we know, entered a convent.

"This circumstance has given rise to great eulogies upon Heloise, and to a grave accusation against Abelard. He has been reproached with having been incapable of enduring that Heloise should remain free, when she ceased to belong to him. Let us examine his conduct."

"After the accident of which he was the victim, what was it necessary to do?

'Despair counselled a double death. Heloise

*The Romance of Abelard and Heloise. By Orr Wight; Appleton & Co.

would, doubtless, have consented to die with him; but he was a Christian, and did not wish to combat misfortune by crime. Separation having become necessary, the convent was an asylum, sure and sacred, where each of them might carry a thought with which could never be associated any other image than that of God. In pronouncing the same religious vows, they renounced, for heaven, their conjugal tie, which seemed broken upon earth. This was still for Abelard a kind of joy.

"Abelard once in the convent, was it proper that Heloise should remain in the world? was it not evidently to recoil before the vow of chastity? was it not to disgrace the first epoch of their loves, and to show also that she had followed the instincts of pleasure, and not the impulsion of her own heart? The world pardons the faults of a great passion, but it rigidly brands vulgar disorders. Would not a refusal, on the part of Heloise, to embrace a religious life, have seemed like a tacit invitation to the desires of a new lover?"

"Abelard did not admit the possibility of a fall; but in fine this possibility existed, and when this idea alone contained for him all the torments of the nether world, was it necessary to risk, on the vain scruples of delicacy, the sad repose which might still remain to him?"

"He knew also the warning of the Scripture: *He who does not shun danger, will succumb to it.* Would he have fulfilled his whole duty towards Heloise, if he had not fortified her against these temptations? Abandoned to the snares of the world, she either would succumb, and then it was necessary to render a feebleness impossible; or she would come out from them pure, and then there was nothing better to do than to render more easy for her, by the solitude of the cloister and its macerations, a victory which the world would so sharply dispute with her, and would doubtless make more difficult for her! The honor and the interest of Heloise, the love and the conscience of Abelard, all dictated the course which he took—all justified the use which he made of his authority.

"All that one can see in it, is a wise and noble foresight. There is a long distance between this sentiment, and a defiance equally offensive to both."

The justification of the colder, serious style of Abelard's letters, in reply to the passionate warmth of Heloise, in the dust and ashes, of whose conventual life still live her wonted fires, is, we think, satisfactorily made out. The passage does honor to Mr. Wight's sympathy for the great and greatly persecuted philosopher's character:—

"Without doubt, to consider only the ascetic externals of his style, we might be disposed to take the letters of Abelard for sermons; and it may be said that such is not the language of love in the ordinary conditions of life. But here every thing is out of the common course. In order to judge his letters rightly, we must place ourselves at the right point of view. A man broken by every misfortune, wounded in his person and in his affections; betrayed, calumniated, persecuted, scarcely guarding his life against the poison of his enemies and the poniards of his foes; bowed with infirmities, overcome by excess of labor and austerities of every kind; macerated in body and soul, calling death as a benefit which can alone put an end to his intolerable punishments,—such is the man who writes to Heloise after long years of separation; and if he remembers his love for her, it lives also in company with another thought,—

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring. For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

"Abelard has not ceased to love Heloise; on the contrary, the admiration which he feels

for a courage already long proved, his respect for a life devoted to the accomplishment of the most rigorous practices, his gratitude for sacrifices so generously accepted, his regrets even in view of so beautiful an existence, broken like a flower by his hands,—all increases his love, elevates, and confirms it. But it is no longer altogether a wordly love. The position of the parties is an exception.

"Love is no longer free, it must give up its allurements to imperative exigencies. Its form is prescribed. Abelard will study it in the religious obligations which are imposed on them, in the care of the heart which he wishes to heal, in the effects which he ought to produce upon a soul in grief, and still sick with memories. It is there that he must find her; she will have a veil after the manner of widows. She will be melancholy; but in that graceful and languishing shade, in the morbidness of her emotions, it will be easy to guess how strong and luxuriant was the life with which the body was formerly animated.

"By a fatal compromise with the duties of their habit, will the troubled tide of impenitent memories mingle with the lustral waters of religion? A Catholic priest, on the guard against himself, not daring to give way to the overflowing of an affection which he fears at present like a crime, he observes himself, he fears the dangerous contagion of too vivid a word, and the rupture of a wound scarcely healed; he puts all the tenderness of the husband under the disguise of Christian symbols and of sacred texts.

"If perchance his soul, softening at a memory too touching, lets escape the cry of its grief, all in a fright, he changes the past instantly, he implores in his turn, he appeals to the generosity of Heloise, to her love and her pity; he asks her pardon for the fightful torture which he would experience in seeing her so unworthily vanquished; and the courage which she did not possess for herself, she will find, since Abelard has need of it."

Looking back upon the life of the illustrious nominalist, whose passions were realities enough, from the saddened shades of Cluny, where, "a great man, broken with the storms of fate," he sheltered the feebleness of a premature old age, it is impossible not to think tenderly of the tortured, brilliant career, through which he had passed. For Heloise, the cold medium of a review affords no opportunity to speak of the depths of her womanly affection, nor have we the disposition, after reading those stray leaves from the confessional, her letters, to note the traits of human vanity—the glittering sophistries of the fondest heart of woman.

NAPOLEON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE.

THE *Examiner*, in a notice of the "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public," by William Forsyth, an English lawyer, into whose hands this long promised publication has fallen, thus sums up the authority of the book, and the character of its subject:—

"We are disposed to doubt whether Mr. Forsyth exercised a wise discretion in altering the plan of publication, laid down by the late Sir Harris Nicolas, to whom the Lowe papers were first entrusted. We are told that it was the purpose of Sir Harris Nicolas to print all the documents in chronological order, 'connecting them with a slender thread of explanatory remark.' Mr. Forsyth objects that such a publication might have extended over eight or nine volumes. We are all, however, accustomed to receive a

multitude of volumes upon single subjects of comparatively small importance, in the form of *mémoires 'pour servir.'* The public, therefore, would have seen no reason to complain of the space occupied by a complete publication of the documents, illustrating a historical fact so important as the captivity of Napoleon, and containing the materials for a true and final judgment on the vexed question of his treatment as a captive. It seems to us that Mr. Forsyth did not regard his subject with the eyes of a historian when he objected farther, that a complete publication of all new documents, bearing with any real force of evidence upon the subject, would 'suffocate its interest under a mass of minute detail.' We should very much rather have been suffocated with detail, even in ten volumes, than, according to the plan now chosen, be suffocated in three volumes with advocacy. Mr. Forsyth has regarded the unpublished documents, committed to his editorship, as 'materials for a narrative' of his own, has 'treated them as the hewn stones, out of which the fabric of a history was to be constructed;' and of that history the main object is too clearly to oppose against harsh, and in a great degree unjust criticism, a vindication of the whole conduct at St. Helena, of Sir Hudson Lowe. In appendices, comparatively brief, Mr. Forsyth publishes, because he thinks people would 'require to see in extenso, all the documents which support the views put forward in the narrative.'

"We do not for an instant doubt that Mr. Forsyth believes the views put forward in his narrative to be correct, but we should infinitely have preferred to have had all the documents submitted to the world by an editor who had no views of his own to put forward at all. Beyond a question, Sir Hudson Lowe has been, in many respects, grossly calumniated; but even supposing that the public is more anxious to have minute information about Sir Hudson Lowe than about Napoleon, and to come to the precise truth about Sir Hudson, as the most interesting personage at Saint Helena, still these volumes could only give partial satisfaction. Mr. Forsyth tells us, that, having all the papers before him, he endeavored to form his opinion upon evidence; and having formed it, he appears to have selected for use those opinions upon which he most relied. Yet, it is certain that upon such evidence as he does adduce, the opinions given by him seem by no means to be free from bias. The most unprejudiced reader, and more than that, many a reader perfectly disposed to believe all good of Sir Hudson Lowe, and prepossessed with a strong dislike for Napoleon, will hardly be able to read these volumes, without feeling that the documents contained in them frequently suggest far other comments than those of which they are made the basis. While no opportunity is omitted of putting the best construction on the acts of the late governor, it never occurs to Mr. Forsyth that there is any allowance ever to be made for the French exiles, who were also placed in a position at least as peculiar as that of Sir Hudson Lowe; and one, too, that might be made, and we do not hesitate to say, after reading the papers in these volumes, in spite of Mr. Forsyth's contrary interpretation, was made, in the highest degree, galling. Never was it rendered more manifest than in this history, in short, that Napoleon at St. Helena was not treated with becoming generosity.

"We acquit, as history will certainly acquit,

Sir Hudson Lowe of everything that can cast any cloud upon his character, as an officer and a man in trust. He acted up to his instructions. His fault was, that he did nothing else; that was the beginning and the end of him. Undoubtedly, Napoleon was little-minded, and not scrupulous about the truth; Montholon was still less scrupulous on that head; and the other friends, who shared his exile, especially Las Cases, were led by bitter feelings and French ignorance of English ways into ridiculous misunderstandings, that kept up incessant irritation. It required great tact to manage the community at Longwood, and the one great fault of Sir Hudson Lowe was that he had no tact at all. He was a good average officer of the old school, with his instructions in his pocket, and his whole soul (as an official person) swaddled in buckram. The Tory Government might, undoubtedly, have provided for the security of the important prisoner by the use of precautions in several respects less offensive than it was imposed upon the Governor of St. Helena to carry out. The instructions, however, as they were, might have been carried out to the letter (as a point of duty), in a way that could have conveyed no personal offence. A little geniality of manner, a little of the man of the world's readiness to oblige by the concession of all trifles, to humor whims, to soften down with polite words, dear to all Frenchmen, any disagreeable fact that might arise,—a few smiles and cheap courtesies, in a word, would have won their way, and made a smooth path for the governor. Sir Hudson Lowe, as we are told by Mr. Forsyth, caused even 'favorable friends' to say of him, that his 'manner was not prepossessing.' He was utterly unfit for the delicate task of managing the Longwood people. He was a martinet, who drily acted up to his instructions, and annoyed by his very literalness and imperturbability. Napoleon looked forward with pleasure to his arrival, but the first sight of his face created a revulsion of feeling. He was evidently the wrong man. At the first interview between Napoleon and Sir Hudson, Napoleon lay indisposed on his bed, and there was a cup of coffee on the table between him and the new governor. After the interview was over, Napoleon ordered the coffee to be thrown away, saying, in discontent, that Sir Hudson's face had poisoned it.

"Sir Hudson only obtained five interviews with Napoleon, and by his fatal want of tact always mismanaged the conversation. Napoleon was generally warm, sometimes insulting; but his position prompted warmth, and he appears always to have regretted afterwards, that he had allowed himself to be provoked by the dry governor's imperturbability. Mr. Forsyth quotes, as in favor of Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's expressions to his companions, in regret of rudeness into which he had been betrayed. We think that such expressions of annoyance at the want of a due self-control are abundant proof that, by a governor of more tact, Napoleon could have been better managed. It is an illustration of the false tone of advocacy which pervades these volumes, that while Mr. Forsyth gladly avails himself of these regrets of Napoleon, as genuine, on behalf of Sir Hudson, he, in other parts of his book, expresses an opinion that the rudeness of Napoleon was malicious and deliberate, being designed for the purpose of provoking Sir Hudson Lowe, and of leading him to reformat,

embroil himself, and earn dismissal. We quote a scrap from the journal of Las Cases, which Mr. Forsyth in this way adopts, with Mr. Forsyth's italics:—

"After dinner, the Emperor, conversing on our situation and the conduct of the Governor, who came to-day and took a rapid circuit round Longwood, reverted to the subject of the last interview they had had together, and made some striking observations respecting it. 'I behaved very ill to him, no doubt,' said he, 'and nothing but my present situation could excuse me; but I was out of humor, and I could not help it. I should blush for it in any other situation. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuilleries, I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some atonement. Never, during the period of my power, did I speak harshly to any one, without afterwards saying something to make amends for it. But here I uttered not a syllable of conciliation, and I had no wish to do so. However, the Governor proved himself very insensible to my severity; his delicacy did not seem wounded by it. I should have liked, for his sake, to have seen him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away. This would at least have shown that there was some spring and elasticity about him, but I found nothing of the kind.'

"To this let us fairly and candidly say, without intending any disrespect to the memory of Sir Hudson Lowe, that in the perusal of Mr. Forsyth's book, we have been so much worried by the succession of small difficulties and ridiculous punctilios, perpetually arising out of the stiff disposition of the governor, nervously anxious to fulfil his duty to the utmost, and utterly unable to do it in a graceful way, that the heartiest sympathy we ever in our lives felt for Napoleon,—a heartier than we supposed ourselves capable of feeling,—has been excited by these pages, in which he is reprobated always as a discontented man, devoting his last years wholly to the annoyance of a wise and upright governor.

"The conclusion of the fifth and last interview with Napoleon is thus recorded by Sir Hudson:—

"He attacked me about the note which had been sent back to Count Bertrand, saying, 'You had no right to put him under arrest; you never commanded armies, you were nothing but the scribe of an Etat-Major. I had imagined I should be well among the English, but you are not an Englishman.' He was continuing in this strain, when I interrupted him with saying, 'You make me smile, Sir.' 'How smile, Sir,' he replied, at the same time turning round with surprise at the remark, and looking at me, added, 'I say what I think.' 'Yes, Sir,' I answered, with a tone indicative of the sentiment I felt, and looking at him 'you force me to smile; your misconceptions of my character, and the rudeness of your manners excite my pity. I wish you good day;' and I left him (evidently a good deal embarrassed) without any other salutation.

"The Admiral quitted him immediately afterwards with a salute of the hat.

"And after Bonaparte's death we have this note of the feeling that had grown up between the governor and the illustrious state prisoner:—

" 'Well, gentlemen,' said Sir Hudson Lowe to Major Gorrequer and Mr. Henry, as they walked together before the door of Plantation House, conversing on the character of the deceased, 'he was England's greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him everything. On the death of a great man like him, we should only feel deep concern and regret.' "

FERN LEAVES, FROM FANNY'S PORTFOLIO.*

FANNY FERN, indeed! There may be nothing in a name. Vinegar might perhaps be just as tart if you called it loaf sugar, and mustard as pungent were it termed ice-cream. Such an anomaly as a lean, lanky, and Cassius-like Stubbs may exist, and, for aught we know, some squabby Longfellow may be puffing and wheezing along our streets, anathematizing the dog-days. At this our present writing, venerable Smiths, without large families, may be found; and we all know that the fiery race of Plantagenets borrowed their title from the *planta genista*, or lowly broom—much the same as the *fern*, we take it.

All this, and all these may be, nay are, but they are the misfortunes, not the faults, of the proprietors of preposterous patronymies, and not of their own seeking or contriving. Had we been called upon to act as literary father to our author, "Amazonia Thistle," "Pyrotechnia Nettle," or "Pugnacia Popgun," we think would have filled the order.

One imitator—at a great distance indeed—of our authoress, who, at weekly intervals, is blazing away small squibs in one of the Boston hebdomadals, has taken unto herself the title of Gay Spanker; and if she possesses no more of *London assurance* than the name, has certainly a fair share of the genuine down-east article, and treats us to a very creditable specimen of the wit and slang of our cis-atlantic Athens. If she be not very gay, there is no room to doubt her being a spanker.

But again, we say, "Fanny Fern," indeed! and "Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio!" Why that should have been "explosions from Fanny's Port-fire." Fanny, *per se*, is not so bad. There is an *espièglerie*, a *soupeçon* of pertness, and any amount of true feminine *diablerie* in it; and candor compels us to add, that all the Funs of our recollection have had well-defined proclivities towards hoydenism. "Fern" is in-fern—but hold; the name is of small account after all; and it little matters what we call the dish, if it be as piquant and palatable as the one just served upon our table.

There is evidently a war of long standing between our Fanny and the masculine gender, and, *on dit*, not without due cause. Coats and continuations do not agree with her; and to such an extent does she carry this war into Africa, as even to anathematize Bloomerism, despite the predilection for it, consequent upon her self-imposed name.

But to Fanny's book. It is sprightly and spirited, sensible, sparkling, saucy, satirical, stinging, and, occasionally—*we must say it*—slangy. Of course, with so many estimable adjectives, it is anything but stupid or soporific.

The way that Fanny—to use an expression that would be very characteristic of her—pitches it into the men, is highly cautionary. Some one having said or written that "a tear on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband," thereon Fanny, taking up the cudgels, punishes the offender while nominally delivering a lecture to the sex on

MATRIMONIAL TEARS.

"Their occupation's gone! Matrimonial tears are poison. There is no knowing what you will do, girls, with that safety-valve shut off; but that is no more to the point than—

* With Original Designs, by Fred. M. Coffin. Auburn: Derby & Miller.

whether you have anything to smile at or not. One thing is settled—you must not cry! Never mind back-aches, and side-aches, and head-aches, and dropsical complaints, and smoky chimneys, and old coats, and young babies! Smile! It flatters your husband. He wants to be considered the source of your happiness, whether he was baptized Nero or Moses. Besides, you miserable little whimperer! what have you to cry for; a-i-n-t-y-o-u m-a-r-r-i-e-d? Is't that the *namum bonum*, the height of feminine ambition!

"You can't get beyond that! It is the jumping-off place! You've arriv—got to the end of your journey! Stage puts up there! You have nothing to do but retire on your laurels, and spend the rest of your life in being thankful that you are Mrs. John Smith! Smile, you simpleton!"

Had we time and space, we might, perhaps, give our readers some further specimens of Fanny's peculiar free and easy style. The book is a volume of some 400 pages, and very creditably illustrated by Mr. F. M. Coffin. With all its crudities, it is excessively amusing; and, were it not so, we should be loth to say it; for, from our present experience of "pretty Fanny's ways," she is about the last one with whom we should provoke encounter.

HARKNESS'S SECOND LATIN BOOK.*

Is the preparation of this work the author has furnished a most valuable auxiliary to the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of Latin. Those who were acquainted with the author's first Latin Book, have anticipated the appearance of the second with more than an ordinary interest; and to such, all that need be said in its favor, is that it is an appropriate sequel to the First Book. Both of these works, as elementary treatises in Latin, are unrivalled, and must for a long time remain so.

The First Book commences with the simplest elements of the language, and, proceeding upon the principle of presenting one subject at a time, in such a manner as to be clearly understood, both by itself and in its various combinations, it leads the pupil by a pleasant and easy path, to an interesting and thorough apprehension of the etymology of words and the structure of simple sentences. From this work alone, which, throughout, is characterised by completeness without redundancy, the pupil acquires a more satisfactory understanding of the roots and derivation of words, the construction and use of the cases, and of the connexion, dependence, and use of the moods and tenses, than can be gained from any other elementary book with which we are acquainted.

The Second Book, which comprises, as its title indicates, both a Reader and an Exercise Book, takes up the subject of Latin where it is left by the First. It contains an "Epitome of Roman and Grecian History," and also presents a copious selection of Latin sentences, designed to illustrate the various subjects of the text, as well as to exercise the pupil in analysis. It also contains a series of exercises, of a conversational and historical character, in translating from English into Latin, which are both interesting to the pupil, and particularly useful in imparting a clear understanding of the corresponding idioms and constructions of the two languages. A series of exercises, "in changing

and reconstructing Latin sentences, and in forming new sentences on given models," furnishes a highly interesting and useful subject of study, and adds greatly to the value of the work. In connexion with these several exercises is presented a full and clear exhibition of the elements, both simple and complex, of all the various forms of the Latin sentence. In this feature the work sustains the same relation to Latin that the admirable work of Prof. S. S. Greene does to English.

The work contains numerous references to Andrews', and Stoddard's, and Zumpt's Latin Grammars, to Arnold's Prose Composition, Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, &c., and is supplied with sufficient Latin-English, and English-Latin vocabularies, and with a Geographical and Historical Index.

The First and Second Latin Books are eminently calculated to secure that clear, full, and minute understanding of the elements of Latin, and of their dependence and connexion, which most fully subserves the purpose of intellectual discipline, and, at the same time, prepares the mind of the student to engage, with order and success, in the study of any Latin author; while, by favoring accuracy and elegance in translation, they give the pupil flexibility and power in the use of his vernacular tongue.

Mr. Harkness is entitled to the hearty thanks of teachers and the friends of sound learning, for the production of these auxiliaries to its attainment, and to such we cordially commend them, as by far the best elementary Latin works extant.

LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

The Life of the Rev. John Wesley. By Richard Watson. First American official edition, with translations and notes. By John Emory. New York: Carlton & Phillips.—A convenient and reliable life of the great Methodist—in reasonable compass—written in simple style, and sufficiently elucidated for general readers.

The Successful Merchant. Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill. By William Arthur, A.M. New York: Carlton and Phillips.—This little work combines the interest of narrative with that of detail, and is one of the best practical biographies we have encountered, pregnant with maxim and incident of value in the daily uses of business life.

Helen and Arthur, or Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel, is another of those domestic and familiarly narrated stories with which Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz periodically entertains the public. Their interest is created by the fidelity with which they follow the real in every day life, and by the avoidance of any attempt at mere fine writing. This is one of the popular issues of A. Hart, Philadelphia.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The text, divided into chapters, with an introduction, index, notes chiefly selected from Bunyan's own writings, and a sketch of the author's life. By Stephen B. Wickens—seventeenth thousand. New York: Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry street. 1852.—The title expounds the special excellence of this edition of the immortal "Pilgrim," and its acceptance by the public. The form is convenient—a hand or pocket-book. The paper and type are excellent, and, altogether, we

know of no snugger or cosier edition of a book with which every reader of English desires to be familiar.

Hints on Public Speaking. Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate. By G. J. Holyoake. First American from the second London edition. New York: McElrath & Barker, 17 Spruce street.—Of the various works on Elocution which we have had occasion from time to time to examine, this is one of the most condensed and serviceable. General principles are well laid down and judiciously illustrated by anecdote and example. The author is evidently master of the various bearings of his subject, and is patient in developing it in every page. Familiar with the philosophy, he does not neglect the practice, and dissipate the reader's attention in mere speculation. It has a claim to become a standard in its department.

Pulpit Elocution. By William Russell. Second edition. W. F. Draper & Brother Andover.—Mr. Russell is known as one of the masters of elocutionary science in the United States. He has labored long, skillfully, and successfully in that most interesting field, and has acquired an honored name among the teachers and writers upon rhetoric. His present work comprises Remarks on the Effect of Manner in Public Discourse; the Elements of Elocution applied to the Reading of the Scriptures, Hymns, and Sermons; with Observations on the Principles of Gesture; and a Selection of Exercises in Reading and Speaking. Also an Introduction by Professor E. A. Park and the Rev. E. N. Kirk. It is one of the most thorough publications upon the subject, and is admirably addressed to the correction of the various defects which diminish the influence of pulpit discourses. It is already an established authority in many places, and we trust that its wise inculcations will be still more widely diffused.

Dr. Dixon's General Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures, in a series of Dissertations, critical, hermeneutical, and historical (Baltimore: Murphy & Co.), is a bulky octavo, of which we can here only acknowledge the receipt. That just now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Romish professors and doctors have got up courage and strength enough to furnish an introduction to the study of the Scriptures, is as singular as it is significant. On another occasion we hope to be able to speak more at large of this noteworthy volume. Meanwhile, we commend it to those who are interested in such subjects, as well worthy examination by all who would see what sort of a book a Maynooth professor can furnish on a topic, we venture to say, more than ordinarily difficult to one in his position.

Mind and the Emotions, by Wm. Cooke, M.D., F.R.C.S. (C. J. Price & Co., Philadelphia).—"The duties which are involved in the healing art have a more extensive bearing on the interests of mankind than is commonly supposed." Dr. Cooke thinks that as many diseases are mental as well as physical, therefore the physician should employ mental as well as material remedies in the cure of manifold maladies, "ministering to the mind diseased." He is evidently in earnest in what he writes, urging the serious claim which religion has upon the physician, in his duties towards the patient, as the medical man can much more advantageously pour spiritual comfort into the ear of the afflicted

*Second Latin Book; comprising an Historical Latin Reader, and an Exercise Book; by Albert Harkness, A.M. Editor of "Arnold's First Latin Book," &c. 12mo. Pp. 362. D. Appleton, & Co., New-York.

than the clergyman—very often an entire stranger. There is a very good chapter on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body, as well as Psychology, winding up with the claims of Life Insurance. The book is ably and earnestly written, and will well repay perusal.

POETRY.

THE LITTLE ISLAND IN THE SOUND THAT HAD NO TREES ON IT.

A BALLAD.

Being a true history of the affecting facts related therein.

THERE was once a little island
Situating in the sound,
Of all who ever swam to it
Not one was ever drowned.
In short, the first stroke-out they made,
They found themselves aground,
While, if one chose to jump to it,
He'd do it with a bound.

This little isle was wanted much
By one of so great fame,
That it would be a useless thing
To mention here his name.
To shoot wild ducks in this lone isle,
It was his only aim;
And here he'd stay for days and nights
A bagging of his game.

As this was his much loved sport,
He thought he here would build
A house, and when 'twas fitted out
With furniture, all filled,
He here would bring his family
To eat the ducks he killed;
And, to his taste, he'd have them broiled,
Or roasted, boiled, or grilled.

As company he wanted too,
He got a friend to buy
One half the isle of him, and then
They built so very nigh
Unto each other, that, between,
A fence alone did lie;
And settled there, with house and flocks,
They both were high and dry.

Now, happiness, one would have thought,
Must come unto their door;
Of ducks a plenty they did have
To spare, and many more;
Of company and family,
They had sufficient store,
And the rippling waters of the sound
Rolled softly on the shore.

But, Mistress Fortune ne'er had thought
That any one would dare
To build a house upon a spot,
Of trees so very bare.
For this same isle had ne'er been known
A single tree to rear,
And Nature ne'er had spent on it
A single thought or care.

They tried, these men, to raise some trees;
They tried, and tried again,
The withering sun beat hotly down,
And made each tree a cane;
And there they stood, with each a leaf,
That answered for a vane,—
To tell which way the wind did blow,
Each with a mildew stain.

No trees, no shade; much sun, much heat—
Much heat cracks things in two;
These men, who came to eat roast ducks,
Found they were in a stew.
Their houses cracked and crimped up,—
One night the wind it blew;
The next day came—the islanders!
Where were they? No one knew.

[Such was the sad fate of these unfortunate islanders, rendered doubly thrilling by the fact that no one knew what form that fate took; whether they, as well as their houses, were crimped up, or whether they were blown off the island and drowned. The latter is the most probable conjecture, inasmuch as high winds are known to prevail in that part of the Sound where the island was

situated; and there being no trees rooted in the soil, by which to cling, there was no means of resisting the fury of the winds; whereas, in the operation of being crimped up, I doubt if there is a man living who would not bring all the energies of both body and soul to bear against it; and the energies of those two are said to be resistless. If this ballad has the good effect of dissuading those who are yet in a place of safety, from venturing to trust themselves and families on islands where trees are never known to grow, the writer will consider himself a happy man, even though but one should be dissuaded therefrom and thereby.]

E. N.

A DAY WITH THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Flammiferis implent, pedibusque repagula pulsant.

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per adra motis
Obstantes findunt nebulas, pennisque levati
Prætereunt ortos idem de partibus Euros.

OVID. MET.

"WILL you be good enough to give me a ticket?"

"Where to?" (In tones of great majesty.)
"Where to? Why, to —. How much is it?"

"Two dollars." (Quick and crusty.)

"Two dollars?"

"Yes!" (Rather emphatic.)

"Isn't that a great deal?"

"Then don't go." (Very sharp:—ticket man growing quite hot.)

"Ah! but, my dear sir, I —"

"Be in a hurry—other gentlemen waiting for their tickets—there's your change, sir."

What an astonishing influence such a post as "ticket-man" has on the temper. Did you observe how quick and sharp were the tones of our friend's voice? A little power, how easily it transforms the spirit—how soon it puffs our humility into pride, and turns the milk of human kindness into butter-milk! Now, if—

"New York papers, Mr., four for sixpence?"

"Have you got the —?"

"Herald, sir?" (Little boy with sharp voice.)

"Times?" (Big boy behind him.)

"Tribune?" "Express?" "Courier and Enquirer?" (Various voices set at different keys.)

"This your baggage, sir?"

"Keep off my toes!"

"Beg pardon, sir! Jem, look out! you'll hit that lady with the end of your trunk!" (Lady starts, and screams a delicate little scream.) Bell rings! See that man in a white waistcoat, he'll get left as sure as fate!

Bell continues to ring!! "Hurry, my good woman, this is the car—hand me the band-box! here, let's have hold your hand—there!"

"All aboard?" Conductor waves his hand to the engineer, waits until train is fairly on the move, then jumps aboard with evident satisfaction at his agility.

"Ha! what's that?"

"Nothing at all; only passing through a bridge?"

Nothing, indeed! it's a shock to the nervous system. Here you are one moment looking out upon the receding houses, with, perhaps, the glistering sunlight blinding your eyes, and the next—presto!—you are whirled through a dark cavern, with just light enough to see that you are within a few inches only of the sides. Did it ever occur to you, most intelligent reader, that this process of passing through a dark bridge or tunnel, was something like the operation of a saw-mill? Up and down, with a regular motion, moves the saw—slowly comes on the stick or board, unconscious of its fate—the noise continues the same—nearer comes the object—lo! the noise is changed, and lo! the noise is the same again, and the stick is

sawed. So the cars rattle and rumble, clank and clink, as though myriads of Castanets were performing, until, as the train enters, when suddenly all former sounds become majestic, and the rattle, and the rumble, and the clank, and the clink, have all a buzzing, booming echo given them, and unconsciously you feel whether your nose or your head are not ruthlessly ground off. Is it not a relief to get out in the open air again?

"What is that structure behind us? I didn't see it when we passed!"

"Of course not! that's the bridge you just came through!"

"Why, it's several miles off!"

"My dear sir, don't lean so far out of the window."

(Smash.) "What knocked my hat?"

"You may thank the stars it wasn't your head! Why, you hit it against the rock we passed, just now. Don't look after it, it's round the corner now. Look at that notice."

"Passengers are cautioned against putting their heads and arms out of the windows."

Very prudent, unquestionably!

There's no inducement, just now, to lean out. There's nothing to be seen but sand plains!

Don't grumble, my friend, look at the company! Keep your ears and eyes open, and you will find enough to amuse you.

See those chaps sitting in front of you! You might know that that fellow had travelled eight hundred miles since yesterday morning. Great coat on—long hair—beard, the worse for wear—looks sleepy. His companion, evidently an inhabitant in these parts—light drab coat—straw hat—chews tobacco—the Oriental asks the Occidental multitudinous questions—the Occidental serenely prepares to be exhausted by the pumping operation—

"How is the crops?"

"Fine! never had such a powerful yield!"

"Property good?" (*Anglicè*, is real estate valuable?)

"Yes! growin' country! Year or so ago bought five lots, two *housen* on 'em, one purty good, t'other only so-so; paid five hundred dollars; offered fifteen hundred jest afore left home."

"You wouldn't sell?" (Oriental's eyes growing large.)

"No! property risin'."

"Fine country that!"

"Splendid!"

"Yes!"

(Long pause—old quids exhausted—new ones substituted.)

"Mighty quick travelling, this here!"

"Yes, these *railroads* puts us through—"

"Only left *hum* yesterday mornin'."

"You don't say so!" (Another pause, bell rings, whistle blows.)

"What place is this?"

"Donno." (*Anglicè*, "don't know.")

(Turning to us:)

"Will you let me see that little paper?"

(We hand him a table of distances.)

"That's nice—where did you get it?"

"At the *dépôt*."

"Ha!" (a sharp like a in fate, Eng. Gr. p 3.)

"At the *dépôt*."

"Well, it is nice."

We desert the region where this intellectual repast has been going on, and seat ourselves at a window on the opposite side of the car.

Beautiful! what a fine landscape!

See that grand old oak! What stories might it tell of deeds forgotten, of vows plighted under its shade, of men who have reared from toil under its foliage—and then, that picturesque farm house! and the cattle in the brook! and the ———. Pshaw! just as you are getting a good glimpse, you run into a deep ravine, and sand banks rise on each side of you to the height of fifteen feet, and the prospect is gone! and the sentimental strain into which you were precipitating yourself, is gone with it.

"Passengers wait twenty minutes for refreshments."

Now for a rush. See where they go. There's that little fellow after a cigar! he won't have much of a smoke, will he? The man with a white hat and red nose wants a "brandy smash." Here's a lean, sallow chap, let's follow him.

Enters refreshment room. Prospect not very enticing. Curiosities all spread out on a long table, under little black wire covers. Custard pie, blackberry pie, whortleberry pie, apple pie, oysters, crackers—what's that? Oh! pork and beans, cake in massive wedges, for food; and for drink, a weak solution of coffee and German silver spoon.

"What'll you take?"

"Oysters ain't healthy in months that haven't any R in them; so we'll try pie and cake."

How that man eats! He'll choke unless some one looks after him. Don't turn up your nose, my friend, as good men as you have eaten here.

"How much, sir?"

"What have you had?"

"Pie and cake."

"Shilling."

Twenty minutes are gone, but the cake is not. Bell rings again. "Non est mora libera nobis, Poscimus."

(Reader soliloquizes)

Well! this description is such as any man's experience may make him acquainted with—and the thoughts! why, thousands have had the same!

(Author.)

That was all your humble servant claimed.

W. A. M.

CHRISTOBELL: A GOTHIC TALE.

"It is somewhat curious," remarks a writer in *Notes and Queries*, "that previous to the publication of *Christobell*, there appeared a conclusion to that splendid fragment. It was entitled '*Christobell, a Gothic Tale*,' and was published in the *European Magazine* for April, 1815. It is dated 'March, 1815,' and is stated to be 'written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter.' As we happen to have the poem at hand in a set of the old—and for a compliment to a forgotten journal, let us say, valuable—*European Magazine*, we forthwith place it at the reader's disposal:—

Whence comes the wavering light which falls
On Langdale's lonely Chapel-walls?
The noble mother of Christobell
Lies in that lone and drear Chappelle;
And every dawn, ere the sun has shone,
A tear and a flower are on that stone;
But the tear is dry, the flower is dead,
And the night-wind blows on her silent bed.

A stranger treads o'er the holy mound:
Thrice it has breathed a moaning sound!

He has lifted thrice his mighty wand;
He has touched the stone with his red right hand;

The light which round the chapel streams,
Bright on his beard of silver gleams;
But shines not on his muffled brow,
Which mortal eye must never know!

The noble mother of Christobell
Is 'wakened by the mighty spell;
She seems but as if a wizard's arms
Awhile had wrapped her in his cell;
As if his cold and earthy touch
Had blighted her beauteous lips too much;
But now returning beauty warms
Her lips, and her kindling cheek so well,
She looks like the lovely Christobell.

"Lady, lady! who was she,
That met thy child by the old oak-tree?
When not a breeze was heard to sigh,
And the yellow leaf waved not which hung so high!

She who told that men of blood
Lured her to the lonely wood?
She who slept by thy daughter's side,
While the grey dog moaned and the owl
cried?

Is that lady, of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's true daughter Geraldine?

The noble mother of Christobell
Has opened her dim and hollow eye;
And spirits are thronging from cave and dell
To listen to her lips' reply:—
"Merlin, Merlin! I know thee well!
Though a minstrel's cloak is around thee
flung,

And a holy hood on thy brow is hung!
The dead and living obey thy spell;—
But not till the moon has passed away,
And the bell has tolled on her bridal day,
Thou wilt know the foe of Christobell!"

* * * * *

The grey dog howls though the moon is
bright,—

Why sits the lady alone to-night?
Why comes she not at her father's call,
While the noble stranger is in his hall?
That stranger of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's fair daughter, Geraldine.

But Christobell's brow is cold and damp
As she sits alone by her silver lamp;—
(That lamp for a maiden's spousal meet,
Which hangs from a smiling angel's feet:)
But who comes near with steps so light?
And why is her cheek so lily white?
For, glistening in his mail of gold,
His azure scarf around him rolled,
She sees her own true knight.

"Christobell, my task is done!
Christobell, my prize is won!
The stars are smiling, the moon is bright,
The bell of our spousal shall toll to night!"
She does not smile, she does not weep;
Her cheek is like the parting snow
When early roses bud below,
But scarce a blush of crimson keep:
Yet she has taken her lover's kiss,
And the touch of her melting hand is his."

But another eye is on her face,
Another form beside her stands;
That form, so ghostly, lean, and tall,
Is it Bracy, the Bard of Langdale Hall?
He has touched the lamp in its silver vase,
And it brighter burns than a thousand
brands;
He calls on saints in their holy place,
The spousal of Christobell to grace,
Then joins the plighted lovers' hands.

"Now follow me, Christobell, with speed!
I go at thy lordly father's call
To strike the harp in his ancient hall,
But thou the mirthful dance shalt lead:
Thy own true knight shall be near thy side,
And the matin-bell shall proclaim a bride."

They follow,—but whence is the taper's glare
That lends them down the lonely stair?
They look his shadowy face upon—
They look but his silver beard is gone:
His cloak is changed to an azure dye,
And a mirthful gleam is in his eye.
But Christobell's cheek is cold and pale,
For she sees not her lover's shining mail;
He seems but a stripling soft and young,
With a minstrel's harp behind him slung.

With muttered words of gramarye
The bard stalks foremost of the three:
At every soundless stride he takes,
The base of Langdale's mountain shakes,—
The elf-dog starts as he passes by,
But closes again his shrinking eye;
The banner falls from the castle wall
As he strikes the porch of its blazing hall!

* * * * *

Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
The white-armed stranger by his side.
O bright was the glance she gave to view
When back her amaranth locks she threw!
It was like the moon's on the fountain's brim,
When the amber clouds around her skim:
The rubies that on her bosom flamed
Seemed of her richer lips ashamed;
There never was lovely lady seen
Like the stranger-guest, fair Geraldine!

"Now, welcome, welcome, Bracy the bard!
Welcome, the rights of song to guard!
Sit and waken thy warbling string,
The legend of love and beauty sing:
Well hast thou sped since noontide's hour
If thou comest from good Sir Roland's tower."
"Sir Roland greets thee, Lord Leoline!
He greets thee first for his Geraldine:
His heart thy bounty and love receives
Like dew that drops upon withered leaves;
But he asks one pledge thy faith to prove,
He asks for his son thy daughter's love;
And he sends this goblet of crysolite
To grace the feast on their bridal night."

Lord Leoline from his feast rose up
And filled to the brim the shining cup;
He waved it high with gesture bland,
Then gave it to Geraldine's lily hand,
But the crysolite changed as she touched its
brim,
And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim;
The lamps are quenched in their sockets of gold,
The hour is passed, and the bell has tolled!

Lord Leoline's hall again is bright
With a thousand lamps of golden light:
And roses, by fairy fingers tied,
The banners and shields of knighthood hide;
While over the roof and over the walls
A curtain of painted vapour falls:
Now pillars of jasper seem to grow
From the green bright emerald floor below

With garlands of rubies bound;
The sky is purple with meteor fires—
A thousand tongues and a thousand lyres,
Through the lone Chappelle resound.
Where is the white-haired bard who spoke
With voice so meek in his azure cloak?
The sage of eternal might is there,
A meteor wreathed in his ebon hair!
And there in his youthful beauty's pride,
The heir of Sir Roland is by his side.

Where is she with eyes so fair
Who sat and smiled by the baron's chair?
There sits a dame of royal mien,
But her lips are pearly, her locks are green;
The eyder-down hides her speckled breast,
The fangs of the sea-wolf clasp her vest;
And those orbs, once bluer than western skies,
Are shrunk to the rings of a serpent's eyes!

"Witch of the lake, I know thee now!
Thrice three hundred years are gone
Since beneath my cave,
In the western wave,
I doomed thee to rue and weep alone,
And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow."

"But thou and thy envious friends in vain
Have risen to mock my power again:
The spell which in thy bosom worketh,
No holy virgin's lips can stain;
The spell that in thy false eye lurketh,
But for an hour can truth enchain:
Not even thy serpent eye could keep
Its ire near guiltless beauty's sleep:
The Spirit of Evil could not dare
To look on heaven, for heaven is there.
Thy hour is past—thy spells I sever,
Witch of the lake, descend for ever!"
March, 1815. V.

WORDSWORTH, KEATS, AND CHARLES LAMB,
AFTER DINNER AT HAYDON'S.

[The *Literary Gazette* supplies us with these anecdotes, from Haydon's Diaries. The dinner in his rooms, with the "Entry into Jerusalem" on the wall, was given in 1817, for the purpose of introducing Keats to Wordsworth; the party consisted of Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats, and Monkhouse, his friend.]

A FEW literary reminiscences. Here is one of Wordsworth:—

"May 23rd.—Breakfasted with Wordsworth, and spent a delightful two hours. Speaking of Burke, Fox, and Pitt, he said, 'you always went from Burke with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the better reason.' Pitt, he said, 'preferred power to principle.'

"I say it is not so. Pitt at a crisis of danger, sacrificed his consistency for the sake of his sovereign and country. Which is more just?"

"Wordsworth has one, and perhaps the greatest part, of the great genius; but he has not the *lucidus ordo*, and he undervalues it, which is wrong. In phrenological development, he is without constructiveness, and imagination is as big as an egg."

Of Keats we have the following, showing how ably Haydon could criticise in others, the faults which he possessed himself:—

"About this time I met John Keats at Leigh Hunt's, and was amazingly interested by his prematurity of intellectual and poetical power. I read one or two of his sonnets, and formed a very high idea of his genius. After a short time I liked him so much that a general invitation on my part followed, and we became extremely intimate. He visited my painting-room at all times, and at all times was welcome. He was below the middle size, with a low forehead, and an eye that had an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions. The greatest calamity for Keats was his being brought before the world by a set who had so much the habit of puffing each other, that every one connected with it suffered in public estimation. Hence every one was inclined to disbelieve his genius. After the first criticism in the 'Quarterly,' somebody from Dartmouth sent him 25*l*. I told Mrs. Hoppner this, and begged her to go to Gifford, and endeavour to prevent his assault on Endymion. She told me she found him writing with his green shade before his eyes, totally insensible to all reproach or entreaty. 'How can you, Gifford, dish up in this dreadful manner, a youth who has never offended you?' 'It has done him good,' replied Gifford; 'he has had 25*l*. from Devonshire.' Mrs. Hoppner was extremely intimate with Gifford, and she told me she had a great mind to snatch the manuscript from the table, and throw it in the fire. She left Gifford in a great passion, but without producing the least effect."

"Keats was the only man I ever met with who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling, except Wordsworth. Byron and Shelley were always sophisticating about their verses; Keats sophisticated about nothing. He had made up his mind to do great things, and when he found that by his connexion with the 'Examiner' clique he had brought upon himself an overwhelming outcry of unjust aversion, he shrank up into himself; his diseased tendencies showed themselves, and he died a victim to mistakes on all hands, alike on the part of enemies and friends."

Of Charles Lamb, or, as he wittily signed himself, Carolagnulus, there are several interesting anecdotes:—

"I wrote to Lamb, and told him the address was '22, Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half way up, right hand corner.' I received his characteristic reply.

"My dear Haydon,

"I will come with pleasure to 22, Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half way up, right hand side, if I can find it.

"Yours,

"C. LAMB.

"20, Russell Court,
Covent Garden East,
half way up, next the corner,
left hand side."

"On December 28th, the immortal dinner came off, in my painting-room, with Jerusalem towering up behind us as a background. Wordsworth was in fine cue, and we had a glorious set-to—on Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Virgil. Lamb got exceedingly merry, and exquisitely witty; and his fun in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory, was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. Lamb soon got delightfully merry. He made a speech and voted me absent, and made them drink my health. 'Now,' said Lamb, 'you old lake poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?' We all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull. 'Well,' said Lamb, 'here's Voltaire—the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too.' He then, in a strain of humor beyond description, abused me for putting Newton's head into my picture.—'a fellow,' said he, 'who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle.' And then he and Keats agreed he had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow, by reducing it to the prismatic colours. It was impossible to resist him, and we all drank 'Newton's health, and confusion to mathematics.' It was delightful to see the good humour of Wordsworth, in giving in to all our frolics without affectation, and laughing as heartily as the best of us.

"By this time other friends joined, amongst them poor Ritchie, who was going to penetrate by Fezzan to Timbuctoo. I introduced him to all as 'a gentleman going to Africa.' Lamb seemed to take no notice; but all of a sudden he roared out, 'Which is the gentleman we are going to lose?' We then drank the victim's health, in which Ritchie joined. In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet.

I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come.

"When we retired to tea, we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth, I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, 'Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?' Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, 'Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not.' 'Oh,' said Lamb, 'then you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles, my dear Charles,' said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the comptroller said, 'Don't you think Newton a great genius?' I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, 'who is this?' Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said, 'Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?' He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted—

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, 'I have had the honor of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth.' 'With me, sir?' said Wordsworth; 'not that I remember.' 'Don't you, sir? I am a comptroller of stamps.' There was a dead silence; the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sang out—

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

"My dear Charles," said Wordsworth.

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,"

chaunted Lamb; and then rising, exclaimed, 'Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs.' Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter.—Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irremediable. We soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we parted all in good humour, and no ill effects followed. All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, we could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room, and calling at intervals, 'Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more.'

"It was, indeed, an immortal evening. Wordsworth's fine intonation as he quoted Milton and Virgil, Keats' eager inspired look, Lamb's quaint sparkle of lambent humour so speeded the stream of conversation, that in my life I never passed a more delightful time. All our fun was within bounds. Not a word passed that an apostle might not have listened to. It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age, and my solemn Jerusalem flashing up by the flame of the fire, with Christ hanging over us like a vision, all made up a picture which will long glow upon—

"that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Keats made Ritchie promise he would carry

his Endymion to the great desert of Sahara, and fling it in the midst.

"Poor-Ritchie went to Africa, and died, as Lamb foresaw, in 1819. Keats died in 1821, at Rome. C. Lamb is gone, joking to the last. Monkhouse is dead, and Wordsworth and I are the only two living (1841) of that glorious party."

WHAT IS A HAPPY PEOPLE?

(From Sam Slick's new series of "Wise Saws and Modern Instances.")

Just walk thro' the happy streets of our happy villages, and look at the men—all busy—in a hurry, thoughtful, anxious, full of business, toiling from day dawn to night—look at the women, the dear critters, a little, just a little care-worn, time-worn, climate-worn, pretty as angels, but not quite so merry. Follow them in the evening, and see where them crowds are going to; why to hear abolition lectures, while their own free niggers are starvin', and are taught that stealin' is easier than workin'. What the plague have they to do with the affairs of the south? Or to hold communion with evil spirits by means of biology, for the duce a thing else is that or mesmeric tricks either? Or going to hear a feller rave at a protracted meetin', for the twelfth night, to convince them how happy they ought to be, as more than half of them, at least, are to be damned, to a dead sartainty? Or hear a mannish, raw-boned-looking old maid, lecture on the rights of women; and call on them to emancipate themselves from the bondage imposed on them, of wearing petticoats below their knees? If women are equal to men, why shouldn't their dress be equal? What right has a feller to wear a kilt only as far as his knee, and compel his slave of a wife to wear hern down to her ankle? Draw your scissors, galls, in this high cause; cut, rip, and tear away, and make short work of it. Rend your garments, and Heaven will bless them that's "In-kneed." Well, if this is bein' happy, then we are a happy people."

Folks must be more cheerful and light-hearted than we be to be happy. They must laugh more. Oh! I like to hear a good jolly laugh, a regular nigger larf—yagh! yagh! yagh! My brother, the doctor, who has an immense practice among the ladies, told me a very odd story about this.

Sais he, "Sam, cheerfulness is health, and health is happiness, as near as two things not exactly identical, can be alike. I'll tell you the secret of my practice among the ladies. Cheerfulness appears to be the proper remedy, and it is in most cases. I extort a promise of inviolable secrecy from the patient, and secure the door, for I don't want my prescription to be known; then I bid her take off her shoes, and lie down on the sofa, and then I tickle her feet to make her laugh (for some folks are so stupid, all the good stories in the world wouldn't make them laugh) a good, joyous laugh, not too long, for that is exhaustin', and this repeated two or three times a-day, with proper regimen, effects the cure."

Yes, cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease. I defy any people to be happy, when they hear nothin' from mornin' till night, when business is over, but politics and pills, representatives and lotions.

When I was at Goshen the other day, I asked Dr. Carrot, how many doctors there were in the town.

"One and three-quarters," said he, very gravely.

Well, knowing how doctors quarrel, and undervalue each other in small places, I could hardly help laughing at the decidedly disparaging way he spoke of Dr. Parsnip, his rival, especially as there was something rather new in it.

"Three-quarters of a medical man!" said I. "I suppose you mean your friend has not a regular-built education, and don't deserve the name of a doctor."

"Oh no! Sir," said he, "I would not speak of any practitioner, however ignorant, in that way. What I mean is just this: Goshen would maintain two doctors; but quack medicines, which are sold at all the shops, take about three-quarters of the support that would otherwise be contributed to another medical man."

Good, sais I, to myself. A doctor and three-quarters! Come, I won't forget that, and here it is.

Happy! If Dr. Johnson is right, then I am right. He says happiness means a state where all our desires are satisfied. Well now, none of our desires are satisfied. We are told the affairs of the nation are badly managed, and I believe they be,—politicians have mainly done that. We are told our insides are wrong, and I believe they be; quack doctors and their medicines have mainly done that. Happy! How the plague can we be happy, with our heads unsettled by politics, and our stomachs by medicines. It can't be; it aint in natur'; it's onpossible. If I was wrong, as a boy, in my ideas of happiness, men are only full-grown boys, and are just as wrong as I was.

I ask again what is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter; employment gives both appetite and digestion. *Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast.* When the harness is off, if the work aint too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. *When pleasure is the business of life, it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour and no play, work, like an onstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness, one has no room for the heart and the other corrupts it.* Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and onrefreshin' slumbers—one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money aint happiness, that's as clear as mud.

There was a feller to Slickville once called Dotey Conky, and he sartinly did look dotey like lumber that aint squared down enough to cut the sap off. He was always a wishin'. I used to call him Wishey Washey Dotey.

"Sam," he used to say, "I wish I was rich."

"So do I," I used to say.

"If I had fifty thousand dollars, he said, 'I wouldn't call the President my cousin.'"

"Well," says I, "I can do that now, poor as I be; he is no cousin of mine, and if he was he'd be no credit, for he is no great shakes. Gentlemen now don't set up for that office; they can't live on it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said, "but fifty thousand dollars, Sam, only think of that; aint it a great sum, that; its all I should ask in this world of providence: if I had that, I should be the happiest man that ever was."

"Dotey," sais I, "would it cure you of the colic? you know how you suffer from that."

"Phoo," sais he.

"Well, what would you do with it?" sais I.

"I would go and travel," sais he, "and get into society and see the world."

"Would it educate you, Dotey, at your age, give you French and German, Latin, and Greek, and so on?"

"Hire it, Sam" sais he, touching his nose with his fore-finger.

"And manners," sais I, "could you hire that? I will tell you what it would do for you. You could get drunk every night if you liked, surround yourself with spongers, horse jockies, and foreign counts, and go to the devil by rail-road instead of a one horse shay."

Well, as luck would have it, he drew a prize in the lottery at New Orleans of just that sum, and in nine months he was cleaned out and sent to the asylum.

STORY OF A BRILLIANT LITERARY ADVENTURER.

[The hero of the following narrative, taken from Francis's newly-published "Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends: a Chronicle of Life Assurance," has already been introduced to the reading world in "Talford's Letters and Memorials of Lamb." His life is a curious study of character, in the relation which may exist between certain forms of literary and artistic refinement, and the darkest moral criminality.]

In 1830, two ladies, both young and both attractive, were in the habit of visiting various offices, with proposals to insure the life of the younger and unmarried one. The visits of these persons became at last a somewhat pleasing feature in the monotony of business, and were often made a topic of conversation. No sooner was a policy effected with one company, than a visit was paid to another, with the same purpose. From the Hope to the Provident, from the Alliance to the Pelican, and from the Eagle to the Imperial, did these strange visitors pass almost daily. Surprise was naturally excited at two of the gentler sex appearing so often alone in places of business resort, and it was a nine days' wonder.

Behind the curtain, and rarely appearing as an actor, was one who, to the literary reader versed in the periodical productions of thirty years ago, will be familiar under the name of Janus Weathercock; while, to the student of our criminal annals, a name will be recalled which is only to be remembered as an omen of evil. The former will be reminded of the *London Magazine*, when Elia and Barry Cornwall were conspicuous in its pages, and where Hazlitt, with Allan Cunningham, added to its attractions. But with these names it will recall to them also the face and form of one with the craft and beauty of the serpent; of one too who, if he broke not into "the bloody house of life," has been singularly wronged. The writings of this man in the above periodical were very characteristic of his nature; and under the *nom de guerre* of Janus Weathercock, Thomas Griffith Wainwright wrote with a fluent, pleasant, egotistical coxembry, which was then new to English literature, a series of papers on arts and artists. An *habitué* of the opera and a fastidious critic of the *baller*, a mover among the most fashionable crowds into which he could make his way, a loungeur in the parks, and the foremost among the visitors at our pictorial exhibitions, the fine person and superfine manners of Wainwright were ever prominent. The articles which he penned for the *London*, were lovingly illustrative of self and its enjoyments. He adorned his writings with descriptions of his appearance; and—an artist of no mean

ability himself—sketched boldly and graphically “drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate;” and, while he idolized his own, he depreciated the productions of others. This self-styled fashionist appears to have created a sensation in the circle where he adventured. His good-natured, though ‘pretentious’ manner; his handsome, though sinister countenance; even his braided surcoat, his gay attire, and semi-military aspect, made him a favorite. ‘Kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock,’ wrote Charles Lamb. No one knew anything of his previous life. He was said to have been in the army. It was whispered that he had spent more than one fortune; and an air of mystery, which he well knew how to assume, magnified him into a hero. About 1825, he ceased to contribute to the magazine; and from this period, the man whose writings were replete with an intense luxurious enjoyment,—whose organization was so exquisite, that his love of the beautiful became a passion, and whose mind was a significant union of the ideal with the voluptuous—was dogged in his footsteps by death. It was death to stand in his path—it was death to be his friend—it was death to occupy the very house with him. Well might his associates join in that portion of our litany which prays to be delivered “from battle, from murder, and from sudden death,” for sudden death was ever by his side.

In 1829, Wainwright went with his wife to visit his uncle, by whose bounty he had been educated, and from whom he had expectations. His uncle died after a brief illness, and Wainwright inherited his property. Nor was he long in expending it. A further supply was needed; and Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, with her sister Madeline, step-sisters to his wife, came to reside with Wainwright; it being soon after this that those extraordinary visits were made at the various life offices, to which allusion has been made. On the 28th March, 1830, Mrs. Wainwright, with her step-sister, made their first appearance at an insurance office, the Palladium; and, by the 20th April, a policy was opened on the life of Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, a “buxom, handsome girl of one-and-twenty,” for £3000 for three years only. About the same time, a further premium was paid for an insurance with another office, also for £3000, but for only two years. The Provident, the Pelican, the Hope, the Imperial, were soon similarly favored; and in six months from granting the first policy, £12,000 more had been insured on the life of the same person, and still for only two years. But £18,000 was not enough for “kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock;” £2000 more was proposed to the Eagle, £5000 to the Globe, and £5000 to the Alliance; all of whom however had learned wisdom. At the Globe, Miss Abercrombie professed scarcely to know why she insured; telling a palpable and foolish falsehood, by saying that she had applied to no other office. At the Alliance, the secretary took her to a private room, asking such pertinent and close questions, that she grew irritated, and said she supposed her health, and not her reasons for insuring, was most important. Mr. Hamilton then gave her the outline of a case in which a young lady had met with a violent death for the sake of the insurance money. “There is no one,” she said in reply, “likely to murder me for the sake of my money.” No more insurances, however, being accepted, the

visits which had so often relieved the tedium of official routine, ceased to be paid. These applications being unsuccessful, there remained £18,000 dependent on the life of Helen Abercrombie.

In the meantime, Wainwright’s affairs waxed desperate, and the man grew familiar with crime. Some stock had been vested in the names of trustees in the books of the Bank of England, the interest only of which was receivable by himself and his wife; and, determined to possess part of the principal, he imitated the names of the trustees to a power of attorney. This was too successful not to be improved on; and five successive similar deeds, forged by Wainwright, proved his utter disregard to moral restraint. But this money was soon spent, till everything which he possessed, to the very furniture of his house, became pledged; and he took furnished apartments in Conduit-street for himself, his wife, and his sisters-in-law. Immediately after this, Miss Abercrombie, on pretence or plea that she was going abroad, made her will in favor of her sister Madeline, appointing Wainwright sole executor, by which, in the event of her death, he would have the entire control of all she might leave. She then procured a form of assignment from the Palladium, and made over the policy in that office to her brother-in-law. Whether she really meant to travel or not is uncertain; it is possible however, that this might have been part of the plan, and that Wainwright hoped, with forged papers and documents, to prove her demise while she was still living, for it was difficult to comprehend why she should have voluntarily stated she was going abroad, unless she really meant to do so. In this there is a gleam of light on Wainwright’s character, who, when he first insured the life of Miss Abercrombie, might have meant to treat the offices with a ‘fraudulent,’ and not a positive death. Whatever her rôle in this tragic drama, however, it was soon played. On the night which followed the assignment of her policy, she went with her brother and sister-in-law to the theatre. The evening proved wet; but they walked home together, and partook of lobsters or oysters and porter for supper. That night she was taken ill. In a day or two Dr. Loeck attended her. He attributed the indisposition to a mere stomach derangement, and gave some simple remedies, no serious apprehension being entertained by him. On the 14th December, she had completed her will, and assigned her property. On the 21st she died. On that day she had partaken of a powder which Dr. Loeck did not remember prescribing; and when Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright—who had left her with the intention of taking a long walk—returned, they found that she was dead. The body was examined; but there was no reason to attribute the death to any other cause than pressure on the brain, which obviously produced it.

Mr. Wainwright was now in a position to demand £18,000 from the various offices, but the claim was resisted; and being called on to prove an insurable interest, he left England. In 1835, he commenced an action against the Imperial. The reason for resisting payment was the alleged ground of deception; but the counsel went further; and so fearful were the allegations on which he rested his defence, that the jury were almost petrified, and the judge shrunk aghast from the implicated crime. The former separated, unable to agree; while the latter said, a criminal, and

not a civil court, should have been the theatre of such a charge. In the following December, the company gained a verdict; and as the forgery on the Bank of England had been discovered, Wainwright, afraid of apprehension, remained in France. Here his adventures are unknown. At Boulogne he lived with an English officer; and while he resided there, his host’s life was insured by him in the Pelican for £5000. One premium only was paid, the officer dying in a few months after the insurance was effected. Wainwright then left Boulogne, passed through France under a feigned name, was apprehended by the French police; and that fearful poison known as strychnine being found in his possession, he was confined at Paris for six months.

After his release he ventured to London, intending to remain only forty-eight hours. In an hotel near Covent Garden he drew down the blind and fancied himself safe. But for one fatal moment he forgot his habitual craft. A noise in the streets startled him; incautiously he went to the window and drew back the blind. At the very moment, “a person passing by” caught a glimpse of his countenance, and exclaimed, “That’s Wainwright, the Bank forger.” Immediate information was given to Forrester; he was soon apprehended, and his position became fearful enough. The difficulty which then arose was, whether the insurance offices should prosecute him for attempted fraud, whether the yet more terrible charge in connexion with Helen Abercrombie should be opened, or whether advantage should be taken of his forgery on the Bank to procure his expatriation for life. A consultation was held by those interested, the Home Secretary was apprized of the question, the opinions of the law-officers of the crown were taken, and the result was that, under the circumstances, it would be advisable to try him for the forgery only. This plan was carried out, the capital punishment was foregone, and when found guilty, he was condemned to transportation for life.

The career of Wainwright is instructive. From the time that he quitted the simple rule of right, he wandered over the world under influences too fearful to detail; and he died in a hospital at Sydney under circumstances too painful to be recapitulated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OSTON, July 22, 1853.

THE anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University was celebrated at Cambridge yesterday (Thursday), by an oration from the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, of your city, and a poem from James T. Fields, Esq., of Boston. The celebration always brings out the best audience ever gathered in New England; and at an early hour, the church at Cambridge, in which the exercises are held, presented a compact mass of intellect, learning, and beauty, such as few churches ever show. The “nobs” of poetry, scholarship, science, divinity and law were all there. After an impressive prayer from the Rev. Mr. Osgood, New York, the speaker, in the person of Mr. Bellows, arose and gave the oration. The thermometer was at ninety, and the oration was within five minutes of two hours in length; yet, with these two things against him, the orator was triumphantly successful. The audience, measuring time by their feelings rather than their watches, did not pronounce it long, though they seemed to fear

it would be long before they heard its equal. Mr. Bellows named his subject "The Leger and the Lexicon; or, Business and Literature in account with American Education." The title of the discourse, however, can hardly convey an idea of the variety of related topics which the orator discussed with such vigor and beauty of style, and opulence and independence of thought. The claims of business were never more nobly set forth, nor the mental power of the merchant more justly and felicitously characterized. As the oration is to be published, I shall not attempt to do it injustice by subjecting it to the tortures of that infernal machine of orations—a synopsis. It was delivered with great energy, and was replete with that rousing eloquence which sweeps the mind of the hearer along with it, from the moment it begins to the moment it closes. Every body was warm in its praise. Those who did not agree with all the opinions—and some of the principles were pushed, perhaps, to the edge of paradox—were charmed and carried away by the nobility, generosity, hopefulness and geniality of the spirit which animated every paragraph. I overheard an old gentleman, whose name is intimately connected with the literature and politics of the country, exclaim, "Well, that's the greatest oration I ever heard;" then pausing, and, feeling after a word from an uncommonly rich vocabulary, he added, "it's a smasher!" From his evident content with this term, I supposed that his mind was especially impressed with the vehement force of thought with which the orator *smashed* all the crockery and porcelain of mere elegant scholarship, in clearing his way to the real sources of American genius and energy.

The poem by Mr. Fields you have an especial interest in, as he is a publisher. I have heard many occasional poems of a similar character, and I must say that I never heard a better, and rarely one as good. Though he took the audience after the most of them had been some three or four hours in the church, he held their attention throughout. Not one of the crowded and perspiring persons he addressed escaped into the air while he was speaking. The subject of the poem was "Eloquence,"—the eloquence of nature and of man. A subtle train of thought ran through the whole, connecting the beautiful impersonations of his subject, and giving unity to its various topics. It was equally beautiful and brilliant. The characteristics of the great orators, Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Fox, Henry, Adams, Webster, Clay, were finely felicitous. In a passage on the eloquence of the pulpit, a most exquisite tribute was paid to the memory of Buckminster. The "hits" of the poem had the charm of unexpectedness, and were received with bursts of applause, which made the church ring. One humorous picture of the triumph of woman's rights, and their admission into the Senate chamber as legislators, drew forth an immense applause, in which women and women's rights men most heartily joined. Mr. Fields's delivery is remarkably good, clear, loud, melodious in voice, and graceful in gesture. The poem was universally admired.

Thus ended the most successful Phi Beta Kappa day we have had for years.

ALBANY, August, 1853.

THE subject of a "National University" has been long discussed, and presented to the public, stamped with all the character which the arguments of such men as Pro-

fessor Bache, Pierce, Dana, Hopkins, &c., could advance. Many meetings have been held in this city, and the matter has been learnedly debated before the citizens, as well as before the State Legislature. But it is a design not to be consummated in haste. Its progress should be so gradual, and the public mind so well prepared, that it shall not appear as an innovation, but rather as something expected. A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY! What a glorious prospect does the establishment of such an institution present! Why should any one object to it? There is a demand, especially at this period, for an institution where the various departments of Mathematics, Natural History and Physics particularly, can be rigidly investigated. When works of such immense magnitude and importance are being prosecuted all through the land, how necessary it is that every facility should be afforded to the progress of scientific investigation. The records of each year's disasters proclaim the deficiency of knowledge in science, and of themselves prove what we most need—an institution liberally endowed, national in its character, and having the capability to illustrate fully and practically each and every department in the sciences and the arts. Such an avenue will, beyond a doubt, be opened.

The citizens of Albany manifest a deep interest in this matter. Their liberality, thus far, in the cause, is commendable; and when this institution is called into existence, it is suggested and readily believed, that some of the more wealthy will be induced to endow a few professorships.

This would not be the first evidence afforded of their generosity. We point with pride to the "Dudley Observatory." Mrs. Blandina Dudley, the noble hearted widow of the late Hon. Charles E. Dudley, is the founder, and principal donor. Certainly, she could erect no more fitting monument to the memory of her husband. About seven acres of land, very eligibly situated, have been given by the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer. The building is in form of a cross, with a front of 80 feet in length, and about 70 feet deep. The plans were prepared under the direction of Prof. O. M. Mitchell, who, during his recent visit to Europe, ordered the construction of the principal instrument. The building itself, which combines scientific accuracy with architectural beauty, has been erected under the supervision of Prof. George R. Perkins, and will be completed and ready for the reception of instruments in the course of the season. There is another individual, however, whose energy and activity, in every scientific, artistic, or literary labor of public interest, entitles him to a remembrance, second only to that of the generous founder. Money is indispensable; but the services of such men as Dr. James H. Armsby, Secretary of the Board, are likewise indispensable. In the matter of the Observatory, as well as in that of the National University, his zeal seems unwearied.

In a previous letter, I spoke of some of the recent additions to the State Library. Those made since that date, both domestic and foreign, have been quite as interesting.

To the American department, Mr. Verplanck, of your city, has donated a rarity. It is a copy of one of the few books extant, written by a native author, and printed in New York during its Colonial government.

Its title is "The Theological Preceptor," by Uzal Ogden, Candidate for Holy Orders. Printed by John Holt, in 1772, and recommended by Drs. Chandler, Ogilvie, &c. Another very valuable acquisition, in the same department, has been made through the munificence of Hon. James Lenox. Mr. L.'s princely liberality towards literary institutions is widely known, and, I am sure, in no case more sincerely appreciated, than in the recent donation of Books on American History to the State Library. All of them are of great value. As examples, I will enumerate a few:—"Van Der Donck. Beschryvinge van Nieuw-Nederland." 2nd Edit. 4to. Map. Amsterdam 1656. (Muller \$100.) "Verloogh van Nieuw-Nederland." 4to. S. Gravenhage, 1650. (Muller \$100.) These works, considered as the foundation of the History of New York, were most opportunely presented. Also, a copy of Linschoten's Discourse of Voyages into East and West Indies. London, 1598. (Muller \$60.) "Linschoten, Histoire de la Navigation," with description of America. London: 1619. "Sir Richard Hawkins's Observations." 1622.—"Capt. John Smith's Travels." London: 1630. Another very valuable and very useful addition has been made to this department, by H. Fuller, Esq., of the "New York Evening Mirror." It consists of a set of that newspaper, in 16 vols., embracing from 1844 to 1853. Vol. 7 of the series is wanting.

In the Foreign department, the presents have been very flattering, and magnificent. The University of Gottingen has sent a copy of the Laws of Hanover (*Sammlung der Gesetze*) from 1821 to 1852, in 32 vols. 4to. The Topographical Map, in 77 sheets, and Meyer's Flora of Hanover. From the King of the Netherlands, a copy of Siebold's work on Japan, and Natural History of the same; and from the Minister of the Colonies, the "Monuments of Egypt," by Leemans. From France, the "Monuments of Nineveh," by Botta. I will not attempt an analysis of the miscellaneous works, maps, charts, &c.

This system of interchange—in most cases so largely in our favor—is the result of a general circulation through Europe of the "Natural History of New York." And yet there are not a few, who speak of the extravagance of the work; the uselessness of prosecuting it; and actually attempt to view it as a matter of dollars and cents. Supposing the State has expended over a half a million dollars on this History, is she that half a million poorer? It cannot be; and the reasons are obvious from what has been already stated.

But, decidedly the most curious relics of which the library has lately become possessed, consist of a copy of the Koran in the Arabic, and another in the Cufic language. They were presented by the Hon. C. A. Murray, late British Consul General in Egypt. In his letter to the Secretary of State, Mr. Murray writes as follows: "I send you at this date an Arabic Koran, with oriental binding, and also a small Cufic Koran. This last is of extreme rarity, and would, if complete, be of great value; but I never saw a complete one; and this is at least complete as far as it goes, but the latter chapters are wanting. The writing must be above one thousand years old, as the Cufic character has not been in use since the period of the immediate succession of the Prophet."

In the department of Manuscripts, a most valuable acquisition has been made in the

recent purchase by the Legislature of the papers of George Clinton: among them the treasonable correspondence and papers found concealed in Major Andre's boot, when he was captured by Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart. These papers contain information respecting the number and disposition of our forces, and condition of the Fort at West Point, its weak and exposed points, which information, it will be recollected, he was conveying to the British Commander-in-Chief. Also, the Pass from Arnold, under which Andre, as "Mr. John Smith," was travelling.

D.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—The *Daily News* chronicles an incident relating to the blind King and the blind Dramatist:—

"His Majesty the King of Hanover has been pleased to present to Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatist—now a brother of the Charter-house, and, like his august patron, totally blind—the Royal Hanoverian Medal of Arts and Sciences. Mr. Moncrieff, shortly before his Majesty succeeded to the throne, dedicated his selection of plays in three volumes to the then crown-prince of Hanover."

—Hitting a silver nail on the head: an incident from the *New Haven Register*:—

"I heard an incident connected with the history of the North Church, in your city, the facts of which are not, I think, generally known, and it may prove interesting to your readers. It appears that, towards the close of the revolution, the good people of the North Church found it necessary to make some repairs. They sent on to Boston and purchased some nails, which, in due course of time, arrived; and, upon opening the kegs, lo and behold, one of them was found to contain Spanish dollars. 'This was a go!' The deacons assembled—held a consultation—and the result was, they wrote on to Boston and informed the merchant who made the sale that there was an error in shipping the goods. The merchant, acting upon the principle of our banks of the present day, wrote back that he could rectify no mistakes, that the nails were bought and sold as they were; he bought them of a privateer's man, and must let it stand as it was. The silver was melted up and made into a service of plate for the church, and it is in existence and used to the present day. The above was related to me by a gentleman, in whose family is a large goblet made from the same silver, and you may rest assured that what I have stated is a fact."

—This warm tribute to the memory of a lady, who had always a warm welcome in a large circle of New York friends, appears as an obituary notice in the *Evening Post*:—

"Eliza Robbins, author of Popular Lessons, Poetry for Schools, and many other excellent school books, died of a lingering illness, on the evening of the 16th inst., at Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was a most useful writer and compiler of works suited to form the minds of young persons, and was singularly happy in her methods of communicating knowledge and inspiring sentiments of virtue. Her works had a very extensive circulation, and held their ground against a host of clever and active competitors. In conversation she was one of the most eloquent and witty persons we have known. Her mind was stored with an immense variety of historical and biographical knowledge, gathered from a wide extent of English reading, to which large additions were made from close and keen observation of character and society, collected in a various and sometimes unhappy experience of life.

With these endowments, her conversations were the delight of her friends, to whom she was no less endeared by the generosity and kindness of her disposition. She was cut off in the undiminished vigor of her faculties. We pen these few words in profound sorrow at her loss."

—A correspondent of the same journal, writing from Cleveland, gives this pathetic and romantic anecdote as a matter of fact:—

"To-day I have visited a house in which, eighteen years ago, I spent much of my time. Within it there was a young man wasting away with consumption. For several days a mourning dove uttered its plaintive note in the branches of a tree near the house. A brother of the sick one, rather annoyed at its continual singing, took down his gun to kill it, but he spared it at the solicitation of his brother, who declared that 'its mournful song was music in his ear.' Soon the sick one died: we laid him out in the habiliments of the grave, preparatory to putting his remains in the coffin, and bearing them to their final resting-place. I was standing by the open window, near which he was laid, when the dove flew in, alighted upon the sill, sat still half a minute, then its wings fluttered, and it lay over and died! It was truly a singular and touching scene. The brother, who had a few days before refrained from shooting it, stood by me, and when he saw it turned deadly pale. I examined it, but could find no cause of its death."

—We find this paragraph in a late number of the *Tribune*:—

"About six o'clock last evening the strange spectacle was presented of two respectable looking old gentlemen, between fifty and sixty years of age, dressed in fine broadcloth, coming down Chambers street, from the direction of Broadway, with sticks for bits in their mouths, with strings attached for lines, held also by a fashionably-dressed gentleman. On arriving at the Girard House, the antic old covies were reined into the bar-room, followed by a great crowd, where, after being watered, they were turned down the street, and soon entered a drinking saloon, where it is likely their old clay was moistened again. The oldest occasionally curvetted like a young colt. The strange spectacle excited a good deal of merriment and not a little disgust, the crowd having the good taste to give the old would-be horses, but real asses, a groan."

—From the "Life and Correspondence of John Foster," we have this anecdote:—

"John Foster, his biographer tells us, was remarkable for civility and kindness to small tradesmen and workpeople; he used to complain that women were generally underpaid, and would often give them more than they asked. He abhorred driving a bargain with poor persons. When sometimes shown small-wares brought to the door for sale, on being told the price, he would say, 'Oh, give them a few pence more; see, there's a great deal of work here; it must have taken some time to make.' And he would turn the article, whatever it might be, in every direction, and find out all the little ingenuities or ornaments about it. With regard to persons serving in shops, he was very considerate, and would insist on the impropriety of occasioning needless trouble to them in showing their goods, or sending small purchases to a distance. He has been known to go back to a shop and pay something more for what he thought had been sold too cheaply. 'It isn't often we meet with persons that do that, sir,' was the remark of a young woman on his turning back, and paying a shilling more for a lithograph which he had just bought."

—The late Tom Hood, of "glorious memory," had something to say upon the subject of Cheap Literature, and here it is:—

"A few months since, I was applied to myself to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally, that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with several commodities at a very trifling per centage above the cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher:—'Sir,—Respectin' your note. Cheap literatur be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel; and if so be you or the readin' publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill yourselves.—I remain, &c., JOHN STOKES.'"

—Items of interest from a late letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Commercial*:—

"A man in the country has been removed from his home, and *interné* in a distant village, for having played political tricks in conjunction with a spirit rapping table. The table predicted the downfall of Louis Napoleon and the triumph of the medium's father, a person by the name of Emmanuel Pujaz, a notorious red-republican, says the prefect."

"The *Presse Religieuse* announces for to-day the publication of *The private life of Napoleon I., written by himself*. It seems that the manuscript was given by the Emperor to a republican by the name of Prudhomme, who has for some reason or other never yet made it public."

"Both Lamartine and Lamennais are seriously unwell. Lamartine had but lately recovered from an attack of rheumatism, and these constant recurrences, of what appears to be the same complaint under different causes, inspire his friends with a good deal of uneasiness. He left Paris a month ago for his country seat at Macon."

"One of the last acts of M. de Maupas, in his capacity of Minister of Police, was to reiterate to Eugene Sue, who is living very tranquilly at Nice, that he will not be allowed to return to France."

"The late reduction in the Paris postage, voted last March, from three sous to two on pre-paid letters, will take effect to-morrow."

—A verse or two of a delicate little poem, on "the Grave of Kents," in *Putnam's last Monthly*:—

"But one rude stone for him whose song
Revived the Grecian's plastic ease,
Till men and maidens danced along
In youth perpetual on his frieze.

* * *

"There are no trees to talk of him
Who knew their hushes and their swells,
Where myriad leaves in forest dim
Build up their cloudy citadels.

* * *

"Oh, mother earth, thy sides he bound
With far-off Venus's ampler zone,
With statelier sons thy landscape crowned,
Whose chiming voices matched thine own!

"Oh, mother earth, what hast thou brought
This tender frame that loved thee well!
Harsh grass and weeds alone are wrought
On his low grave's uneven swell."

— An odd question from an Albany correspondent of a New York daily:—

"Does not your eating-house system in New York, affect somewhat your public and political manners? I have thought that the impulsive manner of ordering up a stew, had fixed itself in the legislative manners of such men as Cooley and Taylor! I am sure that Mr. Maurice's late letter is redolent of the air of Sweeney's. "Waither, there! Fitch us up two half-dozen postmasters on a hard shell, and a dozen light-houses, d'ye mind. * * * Waither, is it twice I am to call!—me, the representative of one hundred thousand people. Is it a beggar ye take me fur! To the devil wid ye—you and yer masther, and his whole gang, for whom I don't care the hop o' my thumb, so I don't."

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